

Is It Possible That Sound Waves Are Playing Out From Over-Use?

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3-27-69

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MERTZON — At the rate grief, combined with a special talent for misery, is piling up on the Shortgrass country, the astronauts soon may not be the only people trying to get on the moon. If ranchers' troubles don't lighten, there's likely to be a bunch of us pulling out for the uncharted spaces.

To make me feel worse, I read the other day that the confounded Navy scientists were teaching dolphins to talk. Two of these smart alec sea mammals, according to the report, had already learned 18 words.

You know what that's going to mean. It won't be a fortnight before the underseas will be filled with more chattering than the oversplash from a ladies luncheon. Within five years, every varmint from the giant turtle to tiny plankton will be putting its two-bits worth. Congress won't be able to change the size of dingy fishermen's nets without the ocean inhabitants raising a ruckus. Hermits living on desert islands will go out of style faster than thigh-concealing hemlines; the peaceful seacoasts will join the past.

Why, in the name of all that was or is sacred, did anybody think we need more talkers? At this critical when human nature is being spread so thin that rural schools are having a hard time meeting the state board's requirements, and the very air above and around us is becoming so polluted that robins are catching emphysema, why, oh why did the Navy want to start a new species talking?

Here the whole universe is crying for some reincarnated models of Silent Cal Coolidge, and what happens? The scholarly worry wart ship jockeys had to up and make more trouble.

It was already so bad over at the gas plant on this ranch that the sound waves were worn out. For 30 years a couple of ranch women had over-used the telephone system in those parts to the point where a mobile phone was about as useful as a homemade hookup of baling wire and tin cans.

Depleted air waves sound impossible. But remember this: A long time ago people thought the soil couldn't be worn out. How many defenders does that theory have today?

Science may not support my argument. However, consider how damaging a wifely review of fashion shows, or a no-limit discussion of man's faults and weaknesses have been on men's hearing. Keep in mind that the good lord wasn't dabble-dabbling around when he put ears on human beings. The simplest part of that creation would make old man Edison wonder if he knew the difference between a positive and negative pole. Yet the old folks' homes are filled with hombres who couldn't catch a third of the blast of a 21-gun salute.

Then transpose that thinking to consideration of how tired a pack of invisible sound waves must get after packing load after load of news and gossip, and you'll realize that nothing above or below us is indestructible.

Far be it from a sheep and cow herding writer to say what's coming next. Television sets blab till midnight while radios impose a raucous noise across the land — all to the tune of annoying stereos and jangling telephones. Perhaps the best bet is to give up and hope that the busybody mariners don't get the urge to teach pelicans to utilize their gullet vocally, or goldfish to give up their bubbles.

Something good is bound to happen one of these days.